

SKETCHES OF EARLY MEMBERS.

REV. LUTHER CLAPP.

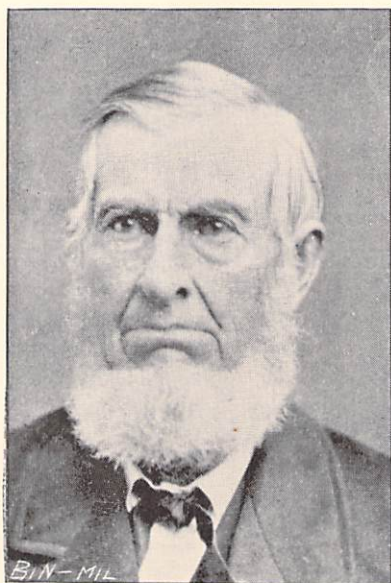
Love dictates these brief character sketches, chiefly for the benefit of their children and descendants, and to perpetuate the memory of these noble men and women. Did they have faults? Oh, yes! They were human. And the love that writes these pages and chronicles their virtues, witnesses to the heart to-day a joy-giving testimony, that for years it was neither blind nor silent before them, but earnest and faithful, as true love must be. Its office here is not to unveil faults to the public gaze, but rather to show, how they "Fought a good fight," and "Ran a good race."

DEACON RICHARD GILBERT.

Deacon Richard Gilbert is a man I cannot think of without strong emotions of respect and love. He was chosen deacon of the Congregational Church soon

after its organization, March 1, 1842,⁻ and served the church as its sole deacon till the election and ordination of Deacon Joseph Warren in 1851. So his active service continued during the short ministry, six months, of Rev. Hiram Marsh, one year of Rev. Lewis Bridgman, one year of Rev. Mr. Kitchell and my pastorate of twenty-seven years, and occasionally until his death, May 2, 1877.

On Saturday morning, following the Monday that he and the other Trustees had engaged my service as preacher and pastor for one year, he and his four sons, all save Hezekiah, came in to dinner in their shirt sleeves from their summer day's work, and the very youthful pastor and his wife had the pleasure of partaking their first dinner with the family at his ever hospitable table. After dinner, sending his boys to their work, changing some of his clothes, he began at once to initiate the inexperienced minister into pastoral work. On foot they proceeded across the cleared fields and through forests to call at every log house or cabin within sight or reach. Introducing the minister he left him to exercise, the best he could, the pastoral gift for a few minutes, and then to pray with the family—he also continuing in words of prayer. And so the long afternoon was spent in most profitable calls, which increased the congregation the next day in that little log school house, and was both a happy introduction and a sweet experience to the pastor. From that time on, I felt sure I knew the genuine, christian heart of Deacon Gilbert, and that it rejoiced in spiritual things. A few weeks after, mounted upon one horse and leading



DEACON RICHARD GILBERT.

another, he came to accompany me to the summer meeting of the Milwaukee District Convention, held at Rochester, Racine county, he as delegate from this church, and I as candidate to be examined as to literary, theological and other qualifications, for admission to the convention, and for ordination. How little then did I, or he, forecast the future! that I should continue to serve this convention for almost fifty years; for more than thirty-five years after all who then were members had removed or had died; and that his own service, as the senior deacon of this church, and as a frequent delegate to this and the State Convention, would continue through so prolonged a life, and he be permitted to see all his own five sons and three daughters members of the church, and also the most of his childrens' children.

That Deacon Gilbert was a man of genuine spiritual experience, was to me a source of great strength and joy. This, and only this, prevented an honest difference of opinion, on some points that seemed to us both, vital to the welfare of the church, from permanently or really dividing our hearts. How much we were each pained by this difference of judgment God only knows. How fervent, continued and prevailing our prayers, God surely knows. During all his life with us, my deep respect and affection for him never abated, even though he diminished his subscriptions, because the church did not carry out his plans.

I never forgot what he told me of the preacher and the preaching that reached his heart in Rushville, and brought him, rather late in life, into the fold and church of Christ. I never forgot what he said of his own

boyhood, in and about Rushville, in Western New York, where his father moved, a new settler, into the then wilderness among the Indians. How, instead of attending church and Sabbath school, he spent his Sundays playing with the Indian boys, till he learned their language and did not learn the Bible, or of missionary causes, and form the habit, in youth, or even in manhood, of giving for the gospel at home, or of sending its heralds abroad. He told the boys and girls, how much that was imperfect in him came from the loss of what they so richly enjoyed, and which he hoped they would prize. O, through how many sad and joyful scenes have I passed with dear Deacon Gilbert! festal days and funeral days, weddings and burials of dear friends and children. And when the clouds were darkest over the country, and over this dear church of our united love, we found relief only in agonizing and in prevailing prayer. And in those rich, deep, revival experiences this church enjoyed, when the Holy Spirit wrought mightily, I have heard Deacon Gilbert utter words from the bottom of a broken heart, that moved me more than any other human eloquence.

After leaving this church for my labor for other churches in great need, in one of my calls on him he told me, what touched me more than anything he had ever said to me: "I never pray," said he "without praying for you and your work." When we join him (as soon we shall through the dear Savior's grace) and our other blessed church members on high, how will our vision be clarified, and all our earthly grief be lost in everlasting joy—the joy of our Lord, into which they and we together shall ever dwell.



MRS. N. J. SWAN.

BY HANNAH GILBERT SWAN.

He was born June 6, 1794, in Rushville, Ontario county, N. Y. He was the seventh son of the seventh son. His father, Elias Gilbert, was born October 27, 1748. He was a captain in the Revolutionary war. His mother, Lydia Bowen, was born June 17, 1753. His wife, Nancy Green, was born May 2, 1794, in Windsor, Mass. She moved with her father to Rushville, N. Y., in 1800. Her mother dying when she was quite young, her father's sister gave her a home. This was the mother of Marcus Whitman, the missionary to the Indians in Washington Territory. Father served in the war of 1812. He was married December 31, 1817, and had eight children: Sylvia Gilbert, born November 7, 1818; Hezekiah, born January 11, 1821; Ephraim, born February 2, 1823; Mary, born June 24, 1825 (she died at the age of five years); Hannah S., born December 19, 1827; Richard, Jr., born April 1, 1830; Elias, born May 9, 1832, and Henry Payson, born August 13, 1834. These were all born on the same farm in Rushville, where father was born. In the great temperance reformation father was one of the first to take a decided stand for temperance. In the winter of 1837, he sold his farm, and in the spring moved to Illinois, not by rail, for there was no railroad at that time, but by private conveyance. He did not travel upon the Sabbath day. It was a day of rest, wherever he was; and if there were church services within walking distance, we must go to church. Once, I well remember,

the minister came Monday morning and called on father. He said it was the first time since he had been preaching there, that travelers had put up over the Sabbath. Every morning before starting, we were called together and had family prayers. We were four weeks on the road, but had a pleasant journey. There were nine of father's family, beside his niece. There were two family carriages, with one wagon to carry our baggage. Father used to speak of this journey with a great deal of pleasure. He carried a letter from the church of Rushville, and united with the church in Danville, Ill., where he lived two years. While there, another daughter was added to our number, Nancy, named for mother, born April 15, 1839. She, too, has joined the church above. Father and mother, not quite satisfied with the climate of Danville, moved to Milwaukee in the fall of 1840. Here we lived until father found a place which suited him. He joined the church of which Rev. J. J. Miter was pastor. The following winter we moved out into the woods, living in a log house, 17x20 feet, and there, through the influence of father and one or two others, was organized the First Congregational church of Wauwatosa, in that humble home in 1842. I do not remember when father became a Christian, but I can remember when six of us were baptized at one time. I think it was at that time father and mother united with the church in Rushville. The others were baptized in infancy. When the church of Wauwatosa was organized, father, mother, Sylvia and Hezekiah joined by letter, Ephraim on profession. The same spring, meetings were held by Rev. Hiram Marsh,

at which time Hannah and Richard joined the church on profession. In 1849, Elias joined, and Henry Payson in 1851. Father was appointed deacon April 23, 1842, serving as such until he was called to the church above, May 2, 1879. Mother lived three years longer, patiently waiting to join him in the home of many mansions above.

MRS. NANCY GREEN GILBERT.

To Mrs. Gilbert, God had given those physical qualities, strength, endurance, capacity, with original mental endowments, which eminently fitted her for labors, privations and successes, as the wife of a farmer and the mother of a family of farmer boys, and of daughters destined to be the wives of farmers, all settlers on new lands. She was an efficient helper of her good husband, not only in domestic duties, but in the example of diligence, efficiency and the encouragement she gave all her children in the necessary duties of their life.

Rarely have I seen a more orderly, respectful, cheery, united, happy family than this, when all together at home. Great reverence and honor to the father, respect and prompt discharge of the duties enjoined by the mother. All seemed to possess quick consciences, and a deep sense of moral and religious obligation.

The reins of authority were not by either parent held so tightly as not to allow great freedom and delight in all the best joys and plays of Christian, healthful home life. The mother's heart was in the business and

the worldly success of the father, and of every son and daughter. Her interest, kindness and life-long fidelity to what she believed to be the highest good of all, was most apparent. The family anniversaries and frequent family gatherings, after the eight children had all gone into homes of their own, were occasions in which the mother took the utmost satisfaction. These were simple, genuine, most hearty.

Mrs. Gilbert was denied in early life many advantages which led her to be unnecessarily retiring and diffident in general society, even of the church. But she was faithful in attendance, with all her children, and encouraged the attendance of mothers with their little ones. That she grew in grace during her life, was most evident to her pastor; though unlike her husband, disinclined, or unable, to communicate in words the feelings of her heart. In one precious revival in particular, she seemed to gain a spiritual blessing that greatly uplifted and blessed all her after life. The death of the youngest daughter and her dying words affected both parents.

Few were the homes in which the Sabbath was more honored, the parents more revered, and abstinence more complete from tobacco and intoxicating beverages, and the more dissipating amusements.

HEZEKIAH GILBERT.

Hezekiah Gilbert, the eldest son of Richard Gilbert and Nancy Green Gilbert, was born at Rushville, N. Y., January 11, 1821. He and all of his brothers and three

sisters were born on the same farm on which their father was born. He consecrated himself to his God and Saviour, while attending the academy at Prairieville, during the great revival under the labors of Rev. Otis F. Curtis, and united with the Congregational church there. He brought a letter from that church, and was one of the nine original members, who fifty years ago to-day united in the organization of this church. His Christian life, while with us, was one of honor to himself and the church, and he was greatly beloved. His was one of the delightful homes, where the pastor was always most welcome. He honored his rank as the eldest of Deacon Gilbert's five sons. Sorry were we all to have him leave us for a new home in Iowa, but we felt sure that he would be a blessing to some church there. During the war he moved to Dodge county, remaining two years, where, July, 1861, his beloved wife, Wealthy Grover, died, one of the first two who were converted in a revival, and joined this church by profession and by baptism early in my pastorate. His eldest son, Lyman, died in the army, at Helena, Ark., and his eldest married daughter, Mary, died in 1867, in Dodge county. Mr. Gilbert married again, Mrs. Margaret Bradt, and came to Wauwatosa, remaining two years, then moved to the town of Ames, Iowa, near the close of the war, where he has since resided, a faithful member of the Congregational church. His two younger sons are living in their own homes, and the parents left to reside alone. Mr. Gilbert is now about seventy-two years of age.

EPHRAIM GILBERT

the second son of Richard and Nancy Green Gilbert, was born February 2, 1823, in Rushville, N. Y. He united with the church by profession at the time of its organization, and has been connected with it through its whole history, and has always honored his profession by a blameless and beautiful Christian life. He was married in the fall of 1846, to Miss Sarah Armstrong, at the home of the pastor, with whom she had been residing for some time, who has been the ever faithful wife and mother of his children. Their steadfast and uniform Christian life and example has been an honor to the church, securing for them the highest respect and love of the members, and the ever warm love of the pastor and his family.

MR. HOSEA MAYNARD

was born in Fenner, N. Y., September 7, 1813; came to Wisconsin in 1837; experienced religion when eighteen years of age, at Lockport, N. Y.; was first connected with the Rushville Church; was married March 10, 1842, to Sylvia Gilbert.

MR. EMERSON MAYNARD

was one of the original members of this church. His residence was in the center of the town of Brookfield.

Hosea united by letter soon after the organization. They were worthy men, of good character, but lacking some of the vigor that comes of perfect health which characterized most of the settlers here. Mr. Emerson Maynard especially seemed to be feeble. At his death he was found to have been much diseased; so that it was surprising that he accomplished as much as he did. As he resided four miles from the Gilbert school house, where our meetings were held regularly for twelve years, and had no team, he and his family were not able often to be present. I took pleasure in walks of over six miles to pay them pastoral visits, always spending the night, and always enjoying religious and social interviews with them. The Brookfield Congregational Church was organized in Mr. Emerson Maynard's carpenter shop. He and his wife joined it on letters from the Wauwatosa Church. They were warm friends to their young pastor, Rev. Anson Clark, and to Mrs. Clark, who became much attached to them, and to all the early members of that, their first little church. Mr. Maynard's early death in 1850, trusting in his Redeemer, was felt a serious loss, although it was impossible for him to render to the church and the pastor the service he would have been glad to perform. Mrs. Emerson Maynard now resides in Janesville, Wisconsin. Mr. Hosea L. Maynard, with his interesting growing family, resided on what became the Lisbon plank road, a neighbor to Mr. Hezekiah Gilbert. He was good in conversation on general themes, but rather reticent on those pertaining to spiritual experience. The children were early consecrated to God in baptism, an ordinance

greatly honored by their grandfather, Gilbert. It was a great regret to the pastor and the church when they sold their farm in 1866, and moved to Sedalia, Mo., taking letters to the Congregational Church. From there they removed, in 1876, to Waukesha, Wis., where the family now reside. He has died this year, 1892, since the above sketch was written.

MRS. HOSEA L. MAYNARD,

the eldest daughter of Deacon Richard Gilbert, was born in Rushville, N. Y., Nov. 7, 1818. She was one of the eleven members who constituted the church at its organization. She still resides at Waukesha.

MR. JONATHAN M. WARREN,

son of John Warren and Susannah Grout, was born in Grafton, Mass., Feb. 4, 1810, on the farm where his father, grandfather and great grandfather had lived successively. His great grandfather came to Grafton in 1730, was one of the original members of the church in Grafton. The letter from the church in Weston to the church in Grafton stating, "Samual Warren is a person free from public scandal, and (in charity) is meet for the church communion." His daughter Sarah was the first white child baptized there. His mother seems to have been a woman of rare wisdom and force



JONATHAN M. WARREN.

of character, and to have had a strong influence over her children. Mr. Warren was the first man in Wauwatosa with whom I became acquainted. It was on Saturday afternoon, July 19, 1845, we having arrived that morning in the Territory of Wisconsin. Mr. P. C. Hale, of Milwaukee, an old friend and townsman, brought me out to his log house and introduced the young minister to Mrs. Warren and the large young family, the oldest son, Luther, being eleven years of age. Soon a tremendous thunderstorm brought Mr. Warren and his hired man to the house. The storm was a hurricane in the town north of this. The next morning Mr. Warren took me to call on the family of Mr. A. B. Mower, in deep affliction with a dying child; and then two and one-half miles over prostrate trees in the road to the Gilbert school house, where I preached, and in the unfinished barn of Mr. Wm. Fisher, again in the afternoon.

At noon I was introduced to many present, and was invited by Deacon Gilbert to lunch at his house. Walking back from church with Mr. Warren I began to make my long and most pleasant acquaintance with his father-in-law, Mr. Oliver Damon, with whom I stopped to tea. After tea I walked back to Rev. A. L. Chapin's in Milwaukee, where my wife remained.

I discovered that Mr. Warren felt that he had received great spiritual aid from the ministry of Mr. L. Bridgman. His family, from Grafton, Worcester county, Mass., was a genuine New England family, although the younger children were born in Wisconsin. Mr. Warren was a very kind father, greatly loved by his family, who

all rendered him honor and obedience. Family worship, Sabbath keeping, attendance at church and Sabbath school and prayer meeting was by that family faithfully maintained. Mr. Warren was intensely interested in the growth, prosperity and wonderful promise of the soon-to-be-a new State, of the rising city at our doors, and of his own beloved town. He was never tired of talking, planning and working for improvements that would help the town, the neighborhood, the schools, the church, and all interests, secular, moral, educational, spiritual. Sometimes he seemed almost wholly absorbed in business interests and aspects, then in educational, and then again in spiritual.

He was a diligent reader of the Milwaukee Sentinel, and always well informed on national, state, county and town affairs. He built his front fence after a time where it is, desiring the road, as he told me, to be four rods in width, and not merely three rods, as some thought it was first planned to be. He was a strong anti-slavery man, and an intense Republican.

As a neighbor and life-long friend, I cannot speak of him, *with all his family*, too highly. Next to family ties, were those that bound our families together. In bringing up and in training their large family, he was of the greatest assistance to Mrs. Warren, and she to him, in providing, caring for them, and in their religious life. They did together in blessed union, what one of them could never have achieved alone.



MRS. J. M. WARREN.

MRS. LAVINIA DAMON WARREN,

the daughter of Oliver Damon and Polly Potter, was born in Fitzwilliam, N. H., Aug. 20, 1812. She was married to Jonathan M. Warren Oct. 2, 1832. They had a large and interesting family of children. She united first with the church in Fitzwilliam, and after her marriage with the church in Grafton. She moved to Wauwatosa with her husband and three children October, 1838. They lived one year near the river; about two years on the Brazee farm. In 1842, they built a log house on the site of the one now standing. They were among the original members of the church, joining it at its organization in the log house of Deacon Gilbert, March 1. 1842. Mrs. Warren was far more than an ordinary woman. She enjoyed educational advantages common in small towns in New England seventy years ago. She was a young woman of excellent physical, mental and moral development, fitting her in a high degree for the superior discharge of the manifold labors and duties that came upon her as the wife of a new settler, and the mother of a large family, and a most efficient and useful member of the church and of society, as it was in the early days of this town.

In the proper training of a family, especially its Christian training, her skill and success seemed to us remarkable. It was due largely to the fine balance of the best traits of mind and heart, to deep and rich Christian experience, to early capacity for hard work, to natural executive ability, to rare good taste and judg-

ment, to harmony of views with her husband, and his support; but most of all, no doubt, to the aid of that Saviour on whom she ever relied, and to whom she continually resorted for His assistance and guidance. All of her older children were brought early into the church, making some of its most valuable members.

The pastor came to rely on their prayers and labors, as much as on those of any in the church. Her strong constitution yielded all too soon to the burden of her care and labor; and death took from the family and the church a much loved and invaluable member.

She died Sept. 8, 1872, in her sixty-first year.

MR. DAVID MORGAN

was born in Virginia in 1795. He belonged to a very interesting, and what proved to be a very valuable class of men, natives of West Virginia who emigrated early, first to Illinois, and then to Wisconsin. He came to this place in the year 1835, in company with Mr. Wm. O. Underwood. They made their claims, and then returned, spending the winter in Illinois, but came back here in 1836, with the family of Mr. Underwood.

David Morgan was a soldier in the employ of the United States at the time of the Black Hawk war. His story of that campaign, and of the appearance of the country then, and the experience of the soldiers, was intensely interesting. Mr. Morgan and others who came here originally from the South, soon realized the unspeakable curse that slavery had been to that section,

especially to the poor whites; and also to feel its great sin; and none among us, during the war, were more intense Unionists, and thorough going in opposition to the Southern rebellion.

They reminded us continually of the fiery zeal of the patriots of East Tennessee. Mr. Morgan married here for his second wife, Mrs. Fanny C. Allis, who was an elder sister of Morris and Samuel Riddle. With her he united with the Congregational Church, at the time of its formation; she by letter, he by profession; and he served the church as a beloved and faithful member till his death in 1874.

He several times accompanied his pastor as delegate to the State convention, where he secured deserved attention and respect. He was brother to the second wife of Mr. Wm. Underwood, and to the wife of that other good man, Mr. Mark Johnson.

At church, it was a pleasure to notice his attentive face, and his soldier bearing even in advanced life, and to know that he was one who profited from the preaching of the Word. On one occasion, during a sermon on Self Denial, he made a vow that he would quit the use of tobacco, to which he had always been addicted. He proved himself a victorious soldier, in the hard battle with this powerful foe. Others, too, in the congregation had done the same thing, without any allusion made by the preacher to this form of slavish indulgence.

During Mr. Morgan's life, and ever after, his was one of the "Sweet, Sweet Homes" in which the pastor always found welcome and refreshment, in the freest in-

tercourse with young and old. May God ever preserve and multiply such homes in Wauwatosa, and may all pastors discover the health and strength to be derived from intimacy in them !

MRS. FANNY C. MORGAN

was born in Charlemont, Mass., in 1800. Mrs. Morgan was a woman of New England birth and early training. She came to Milwaukee in 1836; united with the church by letter at the time of its formation.

I knew her only as Mrs. Morgan; and it seemed to me that in many ways she was a blessing to her husband. He certainly, as she was, became a loyal Congregationalist. When I knew her in 1845, she had already lost the type of the common New England woman, and seemed to be thoroughly Westernized. This may have been partly due to intercourse in New England with other denominations — one brother being a Methodist, the other a Baptist. Perhaps she was a little too inclined to criticise publicly her somewhat timid New England sisters for not taking at once an active part in rather large meetings of the church, or of the united churches. She was an ardent friend of our then small church, and did what was in her power for its prosperity. In the early prayer meetings held first in private houses in that favored neighborhood, the brotherly love and union of Baptists, Methodists and Congregationalists seemed to me the most charming

and complete I had ever witnessed. Residing there the second year of my ministry, at the time of the completion of their first school house, I again and again felt and declared: "Now here is the true church; this is what everywhere should be; our different opinions, customs and manners cast not the least chill on our worship. We are all perfectly one in our Lord, and how heartily we always can, and do, give the right hand of greeting and fellowship at the close of every precious meeting!" This was in 1846. More Spears, Gershom Breed, Mark Johnson, Enoch Underwood—not pastor then—and his father, Wm. Underwood, Luther Howard and Joseph Warren, with Levi B. Potter, not yet deacons, and their wives, made up a most remarkable variety of gifts and graces, with differing early ways, which made the genuine Christian spirit, the fellowship and wealth of Christian thought, under such varying modes of expression, most delightful.

Mrs. Morgan was a great sufferer toward the close of her life. Not only in body, but apparently even more in mind, which seemed a long time under a cloud of great spiritual darkness. Perhaps it was due to disease; but to whatever due, it seemed to me, that her soul was passing through the Refiner's fire, to fit her more perfectly for the joy and glory and service of the heavenly kingdom, in which we hope to meet her and the other members of that family, whose loss we deeply felt. Mrs. Morgan died in 1855.

DEACON JOSEPH ALONZO WARREN.

son of John Warren and Susannah Grout, was born in Grafton, Mass., June 17, 1815; a descendant of John Warren, who settled at Watertown, Mass., in 1630. Before coming to Wisconsin he lived twenty-two years in Grafton, Mass., and two years in Roxbury, Mass., being a farmer and a carpenter. He united with the Elliot church, Roxbury, in 1835, having been baptized in infancy. He was married to Sarah H. Potter, both being twenty-four years of age, and came with his brother-in-law, Mr. L. B. Potter, to Wisconsin, in 1839, they buying their farms first of squatters, and soon after of the government. He came with his wife and two children, Maria and John, who were born in Grafton, Mass., to Wauwatosa to live, in 1841. Sad was the loss to children, husband and brother, when her death occurred in 1843. Mr. Warren was married in 1844, to Harriet F. Green, both still living. Mr. Warren was present at the organization of the church, in the log house of Deacon Gilbert, March 1, 1842, but not having his letter, he did not formally unite with the others, though we may suppose, that really in spirit he was a member with the rest.

His account of those early times and doings has always been exceedingly graphic and interesting, as, for example: "the first time attended the log school-house-church, had on shining calf-skins; the second time, neglected to black them; the third time, wore cow-hides to be in the fashion!" He is the

only one of the married men, connected with the church when this writer came, in 1845, who is now living. From the first, even until now, he has been a regular attendant and faithful supporter of the church. He was elected to the office of deacon, August 9, 1851, and set apart on the Sabbath, by the impressive ceremony of the laying on of hands, after a sermon on "The Duties of a Deacon." He has honored the office and been diligent in the discharge of its duties, having had for many years the especial care of the benevolent contributions of the church, and their payment to the various missionary and benevolent societies. For three years he undertook an important work, well befitting the office of deacon, namely, carrying the gospel on Sabbath afternoons to the inmates of the County Almshouse and Hospital. He did not address assemblies, but taking many of the poor people and sick people, one by one, most of whom were Catholics, he entered into their circumstances, drew out their history and told them the *good news*, using great care not to awaken their religious prejudices. In this way many of them, forty according to his estimate, were led to accept Christ as their personal Savior, some of them receiving copies of the Bible, reading and believing. This work was greatly blessed to his own spiritual growth in experience and enjoyment. It was cut short by rules adopted by the Board of Supervisors, evidently intended to prevent his coming, so that he might not be a witness of their own doings there on the Lord's day.

Those two neighbors, Deacons Warren and Potter, with their grand New England training and habits, and steady devotion and sacrifices for the best good of the church, have been, as Deacon Warren still is, an invaluable blessing. It would seem that the church never would have lived and prospered, as it has, without them. We greatly rejoice that Deacon Warren still remains with us, praying that the Lord may yet give him health and a long life.

MRS. HARRIET F. GREEN WARREN,

the daughter of Noah and Betsey Harwood Green, was born in Windsor, Mass., Dec. 9, 1817. The first ancestor who settled in America was Thomas Green, who came to Ipswich, Mass., in 1628. Gen. Green, so distinguished in the Revolutionary War by his masterly conduct of the army at the South, was one of his descendants.

Mrs. Warren was the mother of three children, George, Florella and Carrie. The parents and family were greatly bereaved, first by the death of their promising son, little George, eight years old, in 1860, and then again of Sarah, named after her own mother, rich in intellectual gifts, aged twenty-one, in 1864, and of Harriet Florella (Mrs. O. H. Loomis), who died in 1884, three years after her marriage. She was a bright scholar, so that all these deaths seemed a very sore bereavement.



LEVI B. POTTER.

Mrs. Joseph A. Warren's mother, Betsey Green, came to live with the family in 1850. She, too, was a steady supporter of the church, of which she was a cordial member, and greatly interested herself and those who knew her, in its social life and work, so that we all felt her loss when she was removed by death in 1867, after years of pleasant residence with us.

Mrs. J. A. Warren is a true type of many New England women, found in its many country towns, an excellent housekeeper, with an education superior to many, remarkably intelligent in respect to Foreign Missions, a good Bible scholar and Sabbath school teacher; one of the most regular and faithful in benevolent gifts and in church attendance, from the first; a kind neighbor and faithful friend; always loyal to the highest interests of the church. She was a cousin to Marcus Whitman, the celebrated missionary to the Indians in Washington Territory, to whom the country owes so much.

LEVI BRIGHAM POTTER,

son of Ebenezer and Susannah (Brigham) Potter, was born in Fitzwilliam, N. H., Dec. 15, 1815. His grandparents on his father's side were Ebenezer and Sarah Harris Potter. His grandfather served in the Revolutionary War, and was with Arnold in his expedition to Canada. He lived to be 95 years old. On his mother's side he was a descendant of the first minister of Fitzwilliam, Rev. Benjamin Brigham. He was brought up

on a farm, and followed farming all his life. His was a common school education of New England, sixty-five years ago, with perhaps a limited attendance at the Academy in Keene, N. H. It was evident that he had improved his advantages. He came to Wauwatosa in the fall of 1839, and bought his claim, then went back, returning here with Mrs. Potter in 1841.

Mr. Potter was a man to whose good judgment, fidelity and generosity, the church and pastor were always greatly indebted. Like others at first with small means, his annual subscription amounted to about six dollars, but kept on increasing till in a few years it reached thirty dollars. Then came the building of the church, toward which he gave liberally both work and money. It was due to him that the society then made an effort for self-support. He doubling his own subscription, making it sixty dollars, heading the paper, causing a good advance in other subscriptions and securing that happy desideratum.

During the most trying periods in the life of the church and of the pastor, his kind and voluntary aid effected deliverance from most serious disaster. At one annual meeting of the society in the Gilbert school house, after a sad failure of the wheat crop, while all had been talking discouragement, he who always constitutionally looked at the darkest side, rose and said: "You all know that no one has had more sickness in the family or greater reverses the past year than I have, but my wife and I long ago made up our minds that we never could stay in a place where the people could not, or would not, support a pastor. Many other things we

can do without, but neither we nor our family can do without good church privileges; therefore, dark as it is, I shall continue to trust Providence, and not back down a cent on my subscription." This little speech put tonic into the rest, and "saved the ship." It is impossible to state too strongly the great debt we all thus owe to Mr. Potter, who was always strengthened against his own constitutional tendencies by the bright faith and love of his noble wife. The soundness of his mind and the vigorous management of his temporal affairs, gave him large influence; and when grace seemed to be somewhat lacking, grit (often a product of grace) supplied its place. In rain as well as in sunshine, whoever might be absent from church, the faces of Mr. Potter and his neighbor, Deacon Warren, the pastor never expected to miss.

Mr. Potter, Nathaniel J. Swan and Richard Gilbert, Jr., were elected deacons Sept. 5, 1869, Mr. Potter serving thirteen years, till his death Feb. 24, 1883. His continued and last sickness, so distressing in its nature, filled us all with sorrow and sympathy. But to the most kind and excellent ministry of his second wife, his family, himself, and we all, owe a great debt of gratitude. She lifted a heavy burden from the elder daughter, and brightened the home to the last. In his sickness and death, which seemed so untimely, we experienced a heavy loss, but we never can doubt a heavenly reward awaits such life-long fidelity to the greatest obligations. Mr. Potter's deeds spoke louder than his words, but his words had great force.

MRS. HITT Y WENZEL POTTER

was the daughter of John and Mehitable Haven Wenzel, born in Framingham, Mass., July 6, 1820. She was married to Levi Brigham Potter, Sept. 1, 1841, at twenty-one years of age. Mr. Potter, having come to Wisconsin in 1839, and bought his claim in Wauwatosa, returned for his wife, with whom after marriage he came directly to Wauwatosa, where they both lived and died, her death being in 1864, and his in 1883. Both were buried in our cemetery.

She was one of the foremost of those excellent women whose wealth of character and intelligence enriched the church and the society of the town. She was a Baptist on coming here, as regards the mode and subjects of baptism, but not in respect to communion. Her husband, having been brought up a Congregationalist, she united with that church; he afterward by profession in 1843. About ten years after this, on a thorough and intelligent examination of the subject in the light of Scripture, she became a believer in the baptism of children, and bringing her own two sons and two daughters, publicly gave them to the Lord in this ordinance. This had great influence on other mothers, who followed her example, so that this church has been somewhat remarkable, among our early churches, in its adherence to this practice.

Mrs. Potter was rich in character and efficiency, through a harmonious combination of fine physical, mental and moral qualities. No one was more intel-



MRS. L. B. POTTER.

ligent than she in respect to the current news of the day—domestic and foreign, secular and religious. How with her manifold family cares, she found time to read so many excellent papers and books, no one knew but herself, making her society the delight of all who knew her; and no lady in town was better known. Her attendance at church and Sunday School was remarkably constant, in view of her family responsibilities. Most cheering it was to her pastor who knew that he had in her an appreciative and sympathizing hearer. In the general meetings of the church as well as in the frequent gatherings of ladies for prayer and work, no one was more active. Frequently in the afternoon, she harnessed her own horse and drove out to visit the families of the congregation, and by the charm of her manner and the influence of faithful Christian words, she secured their regular attendance at our meetings. In fact, the church had no worker among its men or its women, or all together, it would seem, who accomplished the Christian service which she so energetically performed. The Bible was her constant study and delight, and the influence of her joyful faith, and all embracing love was an untold blessing to her husband and children, to her large Sunday School class of young ladies, and to nearly all the American families of the place.

She was suddenly removed from us by a fever, contracted during a visit among her friends at the East, which prostrated her on her return to her happy home improved during her absence, causing alarm and sadness to her own family and to a large circle of devoted neighbors and friends.

How earnest were her prayers for the many souls she loved, including each one of her own dear children.

"Save all my children Lord,
For less I dare not ask,"

was her constant, importunate petition, even to the last of life. May each dear son and daughter never forget how that beloved mother wrestled in prayer for them during life, and in the pains of death. Most happy will it be for each one of them, if the beatific vision which glorified her spirit in life and death, shall banish all clouds of unbelief from their hearts and bring eternal light and joy to all their souls. Sad was her death to the dear home, most sad to the church, but no one could doubt that it was Heavenly glory for her. How joyful to think of her shining face among the great cloud of witnesses, that await our own coming and reunion with them, in the Saviour's worship and service.

HIRAM W. AND LYDIA H. BLANCHARD.

Mrs. Blanchard united with the church the year of its organization, in 1842, coming from a Baptist Church at the East. She was then a young woman of great activity and sprightliness, and she became the mother of a large family of young children, most of whom died in infancy. It seemed remarkable that parents so healthful and vigorous should lose so many of their children in infancy, whose little lives seemed to go out readily from slight attacks of disease. Mrs. Blanchard was an earnest, active

member of the church from the beginning. Her words in the prayer meetings were remarkably original and quickening. Out of her own experience, she often threw wonderful light upon an obscure passage of the Bible, to our great interest and edification. She was an accomplished house-keeper, turning off work with great facility. A pastor told her once that he imagined that no boy in her early school could run faster; and that there were few trees in her father's orchard that she had not climbed; and that it was one of her amusements to leap from the great beam in the barn to the hay mow far below. She responded: "That is true." Mr. Blanchard did not become a decided Christian until 1848, being providently led to this step under deep conviction, by the death of an almost idolized boy. Soon after this affliction it became our great joy to receive him into the church, on the earnest confession of his faith and baptism. He made a most liberal and active church-member for several years, until he removed with his family to Watertown, being chosen soon after to be one of the deacons of the Congregational Church in that town. Most interesting prayer meetings were held at his home in Wauwatosa on Sabbath evenings, when the weather permitted, into which Mr. and Mrs. Blanchard entered with all their heart and soul. The pastor taking tea with them after his second service, remained to the meeting. These experiences with that family he counts among the most pleasant of his life. They were both generous supporters and active workers in the church at Watertown; and it was partly through their influence that that church did not become

Presbyterian, through the influence of a strong Presbyterian pastor. Mr. Blanchard made a visit with supplies to Grant's army about Vicksburg, and soon after returning was taken ill, and died very suddenly while lying on his lounge. After the funeral there, he was brought, accompanied by a large number of friends on a special train, to Wauwatosa, where brief funeral services were also held, at his burial, by the side of five or six little children. Mrs. Blanchard continued her active life with her two remaining elder sons, for them and for the church. The eldest of these soon came to a sudden and distressing death. The roof of his mill having taken fire from the conflagration of another building, he, seeking to extinguish the fire, slid and fell from the high burning roof, upon the ice of the river below. These many sore afflictions culminated in a few years in an attack of insanity, from which she died, having been an inmate a short time of the Asylum at Madison. The funeral services were held at Wauwatosa, attended by her many old friends, who tenderly followed her remains to the cemetery, where they were interred beside her husband and children. Great is our joy, that she has found rest, peace and glory in our Father's House above.

MR. MOORE SPEARS AND MRS. JULIA SPEARS.

Of the early life of Mr. and Mrs. Spears little is known by their friends. I was informed by him that

he was brought up on, or near the bounds of civilization; and had no opportunity of culture in childhood and youth. He and his wife certainly learned to read, but how, he never informed me. In fact, he had read more books, literary, scientific, philosophical, historical, than any other member of this church. Before moving to this town he had been a government Indian agent at Mackinaw.

Mrs. Spears impressed us as a thoroughly good woman, who had been deprived of all advantages of domestic and social education. Faithful in church attendance and to her covenant vows taken when she joined the church, on confession of her faith, soon after its organization, her life appeared to be worthy and blameless. It was with sincere grief that we mourned her death in middle life, taken so soon from children and husband, when they most seemed to need her care.

In due time Mr. Spears was married to Miss Sylvia Blodgett, who was born in Rushville, N. Y., a lady in middle life; one of our best known and most helpful and beloved workers in the church. All felt like congratulating him and his children, and her also, on the new sphere of great usefulness for which she was every way so well fitted. Mr. Spears had been a very intelligent and superior teacher of our large Bible class of women. His addresses in prayer meeting, and on all occasions, were interesting, instructive, original. Well informed, he was not only good in conversation, but a most acceptable delegate to our church conventions. After his second marriage, his mind seemed to be strongly affected from some unknown cause. His con-

duct became unaccountable, a sad grief to us all. Soon he moved with his family to Black Earth. This strange conduct continued for some time, which we all felt to be especially unkind to his wife, whether so intended or not. At length there was an entire change. His business began to prosper, and he began a new life of activity in the little church at Black Earth. His wife reported with gladness the change to her relatives. I paid them a visit about this time, and was received by him with an old-time welcome. He invited his pastor to spend the next day with us. Before leaving, in the presence of all, I asked him the reason of his former strange conduct. He frankly confessed that it was wholly unreasonable; and that he was entirely to blame. A few years after this, his wife's health began to fail, and again he was seized with the old melancholy; madness, treating with the greatest coldness both her and her relatives and friends, who went and ministered lovingly to her till she died. Meantime he had neglected to attend church, and moved with his family into the wilds of Kansas, writing that he had gone back to the religion of his forefathers. His death took place not long since, in Kansas City. Our charity leads us to hope, that some form of insanity was the cause of this conduct in a brother of varied gifts, whom the church had respected and honored.

MR. ALLEN AND MRS. MARCIA BLANCHARD.

Their residence was one mile west of Mr. Nathaniel Swan's, in the corner east of the town-line west road crossing. He was an amiable pleasant man, and in 1842, with Mrs. Blanchard, joined the Congregational church on profession. Residing so far from prayer meetings they were not often present. My visits with him and his family were very pleasant, often accompanied with worship and Christian conversation. He seemed a sincere disciple of our blessed Master, who needed developing by being brought into more active service. Though a few years older than myself he was like nearly all of our members, young, with his young family just beginning to grow up around him. His eldest son was among the early young men from Wauwatosa who first enlisted in the war for the Union.

Mrs. Blanchard was somewhat tall and slender, physically weak in appearance, but a truly earnest Christian of a deep spiritual experience. If she could not come to our prayer meeting in the Gilbert school-house, I knew her fervent prayers would ascend all the same; and I believed that they would be indited by the Spirit and have power to bring down blessings.

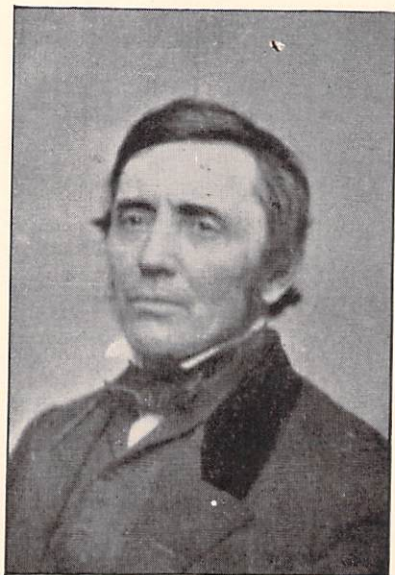
It was a source of regret to have them move from us, first to Watertown, Wis., where their brother, Mr. Hiram Blanchard had gone, and afterward to Missouri. At Watertown, while on an exchange, I took dinner, and spent a good Sabbath afternoon with them and their children, which was my last visit with them.

I am looking forward to a blessed reunion with them and others. O, how we loved our young Wisconsin! but a better country, even a heavenly, is near to us. Here have been sad partings, but there the joy of meeting will be everlasting.

ENOCH G. NEEDHAM

united with this church by confession in the spring or summer after its organization, being then a young man twenty-five or twenty-six years of age. Living in the town of New Berlin more than four miles from the meeting in the Gilbert neighborhood, and still farther from the Hart's Mills, as this embryo village was then called, he was quite regular in his attendance and faithful in his support of the church and its pastor. He was a New England man whose excellent character, sound judgment and sincere piety won the love of the church, and high regard of his neighbors, and of all who knew him. His eldest son, after arriving at an age when he was a great help to his father, was suddenly removed by death, a most afflictive bereavement to his parents; other children also died in childhood, but the daughters who have been spared, have been a great comfort and blessing to their father and mother, and good Christians. Mrs. Needham was born and educated in Germany. She has been a noble wife and mother, a woman of superior mind and character.

The pastor who writes this spent many nights, after



NATHAN WESSON.

long walks in that pleasant home, and will ever cherish the warmest regard for this true brother and his family. Mr. Needham was taken from us by death in the spring of 1891. His funeral was conducted by our present pastor, who often visited him in his last sickness.

OTHER YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN.

Other young men and women there are, of whom I do not write now, through lack of time and strength, and because we trust they have yet much good history to make. My love to them is very strong, and they were of great value to me during my ministry. Some are still here, others in different states making a good record. Wakeman Chapel and Franklin Briggs were removed by early death. Most glad should I be also to write of Catharine J. Gillis and of Abigail Johnson, the sister of Alvin Clark the famous telescope maker, the wife of Rev. W. W. Johnson, both of them young wives in Greenfield, uniting with this church; Mrs. Johnson in '43, and Mrs. Gillis, with her husband, in '45.

NATHAN WESSON,

son of Samuel Wesson, was born in Oxford, Mass., Aug. 5, 1809. He was baptized and joined a Congregational church in Worcester, Mass. He was married to Rebecca L. Shumway at Worcester, Mass., Oct. 6, 1835. They

moved to Kishwaukee, Ill., in 1837, and to Wauwatosa in 1841.

He was a wagon-maker by trade, which occupation he followed during his life here. He united with this church by letter soon after coming. Mr. Wesson was a man of simple habits, and of the most kind and friendly disposition, one of the best of neighbors and friends. His Christian life was not only blameless, but exceedingly beautiful in its simplicity and sincerity. This was recognized and acknowledged by all in the neighborhood. No one, in proportion to his means, was more liberal in giving, and in that kind of helpfulness, which was often more valuable than money. He it was who kindled the fire in the school house on the evening of our weekly prayer meetings, in which he invariably took a brief but faithful part. The light of his Christian love seemed always to be shining. On stormy and very cold evenings, often has he and the pastor held the prayer meeting together, sure that Jesus was also there. We cannot think of him without the warmest affection, in view of his long life among us, of cheerful helpfulness, humble, but most useful services. A painful but fatal disease, borne with Christian patience, brought his useful life all too soon it seemed to us, to a close, Aug. 10, 1875. The memory of the just is precious.

MRS. REBECCA L. WESSON.

daughter of Perley Shumway and Polly Johnson, was born in Oxford, Mass., April 20, 1807. She was baptized



MRS. N. WESSON.

and joined the church in Sturbridge, Mass. Mrs. Wesson was a loving, faithful wife and mother, remembered by school children—the school being close to their dwelling—as particularly kind and friendly. To do little deeds of kindness, in which she abounded, afforded her great pleasure, as well as those whom she thus made glad. Mr. Wesson being the first postmaster in this town, the chief work of the office, which was in their sitting room, fell to her. She evidently sympathized with the happiness of all who came, on receiving their letters.

To Mr. Wesson's father, who spent his last days with them, and to his brother Frank who worked at the trade with Mr. Wesson, and who finally died of a lingering consumption, she was ever most dutiful and kind. Since Mr. Wesson's death, she has resided in Milwaukee with her affectionate son William, their only child who lived. She is now living at the advanced age of 85, having the past year transferred her relation from this church to the infant Congregational church on the North Side, near their home in Milwaukee, entering into its services with almost youthful love and ardor, beautiful to behold.

MR. OLIVER DAMON,

son of Deacon Oliver and Mrs. ——— Damon, was born in Fitzwilliam, N. H., May 2, 1785. He died Aug. 21, 1872, aged 87 years, 3 months and 19 days. He and

Mrs. Damon united with this church in 1844, having come to Wisconsin a short time previously.

Mr. Oliver Damon called at the house of his daughter, Mrs. Jonathan Warren, on the afternoon of July 19, 1845, soon after my arrival from Milwaukee. Weary from heat and labor, he seemed to me, with his very white hair, to be a very old man. His age was a little past sixty, and little did I then realize how vigorous was that frame and what a spring of long life it contained. He lived to be a member of our church and congregation after this for nearly thirty years. On the afternoon of the following day, I walked with him from the barn where I had preached in the Gilbert neighborhood, accepting his invitation to take tea with him and his wife—a year or two older than himself. His conversation revealing the Yankee dialect, was especially rich and interesting to me. He showed me the little rooms in his small frame house built by himself—a man of all work—which the next minister would probably occupy, as he knew of no other place so good, telling how reasonable the rent would be. These were the rooms we did occupy the following year; after which the son's family moved from the East to live with the old people.

Our intercourse with them was always extremely pleasant, and yet Mr. Damon was a man who advised and criticised the young pastor. No man in the church was so frank as he, in censuring methods and sentiments which he did not wholly approve, and in praise of those which pleased him, sometimes waxing extremely enthusiastic in his expression of warm approbation. Having lived where the Unitarian discussion had been

bitter on both sides, his mind was not wholly clear, as to what is true Scripture doctrine on some points. The pastor could readily accept from a thoroughly honest, good man, of his age, his criticisms and his commendation, excusing what he could not be supposed to fully understand. The reality and depth of his friendship could not be doubted. There was a beautiful simplicity and affection in words and deeds between these old people. Mr. Damon, was a man, who to the very last, seemed during his waking hours to be occupied in work, relieving himself by a frequent change of occupation. For two hours he might work on the farm, then for two hours, make shingles, or do carpenter work on his barn, then came the call, "Wifey, I think we'll take a little lunch of good coffee, bread and butter and something," and the rest of the forenoon he might be working on the shoe bench. The same kind of relief through change of labor, appeared also in the afternoon, but without cessation of activity, and so it went on through his long old age.

Mr. Damon, when I came, was the leader of the choir at "Harts Mills," as our little village was called, and he had a very emphatic way of telling the choir "to speak the words plain, and to keep the time good." It gave him great joy to welcome Mr. James Stickney as his successor. Mr. Damon was a man of the most inflexible honesty, of genuine humility, and of a warm, loving heart toward all the members of the church. Educated from youth to believe in the doctrines of the old-fashioned New Hampshire democracy, the sentiments of pastor and people so different from his own in relation

to slavery and politics were to him a great pain and puzzle; still he could not doubt their own Christian sincerity and honesty, but it tinged some of his life with a measure of unhappiness.

Honoring him for his great virtue and noble manliness, we followed him to the grave, in his eighty-eighth year, rejoicing that he had gone to a world where all doubts, darkness and sin would be removed from all minds and hearts.

MRS. MARY POTTER DAMON

was born Dec. 22, 1781. Married Mr. Oliver Damon Nov. 8, 1803. Their married life continued over sixty-three years, she dying March 3, 1867.

Mrs. Damon was a woman of poor health, who said that at the age of thirty, she was told by her physicians that one lung was nearly gone, and the other in so bad a state that they expected consumption would soon end her life. But owing to a remarkable physical constitution, and much outdoor life, and a vigorous use of external applications, she survived to the remarkable age of eighty-five. Finally she passed from life silently in the night, while sleeping beside her husband, he not knowing that her spirit had fled until the morning dawned. Her feebleness during all her later years prevented her from attending church, and as her husband was always too busy to make visits, they rarely received them, except from their own relatives.



A. B. MOWER.

— During a long and honored life with us, a faithful attendant
and warm supporter of the Church.



MRS. A. B. MOWER.

Until the last few years she did the little work for herself and husband; but toward the last her strength wholly failed, and the labor for caring for the aged father and mother devolved on the son's wife. Mrs. Damon, owing perhaps to her constant confinement at home, and the reading of only one paper, did not take so enlarged views as her husband. It was therefore harder for her to exercise charity towards relatives and Christian friends who entertained views which to her seemed very wrong. But still we doubted not that she loved the Lord and trusted in Him, following those rays of light which seemed to her to be the whole great sun itself.

She lived and died trusting in her Redeemer, having been the mother of a most interesting family of sons and daughters, and living to have quite a number of great-grandchildren.

CAROLINE BLODGETT MOWER,

daughter of Augustus Blodgett and Lucy Loomis, was born June 9, 1815, and married to Mr. Arba B. Mower, April 14, 1840. She is still living and residing with us, and has been connected with this church during nearly all its history, until compelled to retire from active duties by advancing age. She was one of the most influential and honored among our excellent sisterhood. Along with her sisters, Mrs. Sylvia Spears and Mrs. Jonathan Warren, she belonged to the early choir in

this incipient village, and for many years, when family engagements did not prevent, she was one of the most popular of our Sunday-school teachers. She had a large class of some of our most active boys, and held them, with interest in their lessons and the school, as probably no other teacher could have done. They were all most loyal to her. She was active and wise on the committee to select books for the library, when our library was in its best estate. All through her early and middle life, no one socially was more influential than she, as a planner and leader in the entertainments of the church and society. Her native mental endowments were of a high order, and although sometimes differing from others, all respected her sincerity and judgment, and no one was more loyal than she to what she believed was right and best.

The pastor never had the least occasion to doubt the depth and strength of her friendship and that of her husband. She deservedly had great influence with her husband, who was one of the most faithful and liberal members of our congregation and society. All who have known her during these years rejoice that she, now in her seventy-eighth year, is still spared to her friends, and especially to her family, of whom she has ever been one of the tenderest and most devoted of mothers.

AUGUSTUS BLODGETT

was born in Cambridge, Mass., March 25, 1787. Mrs. Lucy Loomis Blodgett, his wife, was born in Vermont,

September 19, 1791. They moved to Rushville, western New York, where their children were born and reared, five of whom, two sons, Elisha and Chester, and three daughters, Mrs. Caroline Mower, Mrs. Sylvia Spears and Mrs. Eliza Scarrit, came also to Wauwatosa.

Mr. and Mrs. Blodgett, although at first residing in the limits of the town of Brookfield, joined this church with their two elder daughters. They were regular attendants at the Sabbath services of the church whenever the weather and roads permitted, manifesting constant interest in its welfare. Moving into the village to the house left vacant by Deacon Mower, Mr. Blodgett became a faithful attendant at our prayer meeting, making evidently a great advance in spiritual experience, constantly exhorting the brethren not only to pray but ever to watch as well as pray, obeying, we think, the injunction himself, waiting for the summons which was to call him to the heavenly home.

He was so faithful to the last in doing his chores and other secular duties, that it seemed impossible to him to stop his milking, and the care of his cow, till his dying day came, May 16, 1861. We felt his loss as we have also the loss of the many aged men and women who enriched our church in the early years of its history.

His wife, who was a good deal of a "Martha" in beautiful fidelity to the duties of house-keeping, and the temporal welfare of children and grandchildren, was spared to these several years, who remember with warm affection her constant loving kindness. She was own cousin to Mr. Loomis, one of the first missionaries to the Sandwich Islands. She died January 19, 1868.

MRS. JANE ALLIS JACOBS,

the daughter of Isaac and Fanny C. Allis, afterwards Mrs. David Morgan, was born in Plainfield, Mass., March 29, 1827.

She came to Wisconsin in 1836, united with the Plymouth Church, Milwaukee; and with this church in 1845. She was married to Mr. Franklin Briggs in 1847. He had then recently united with the church, converted in a revival that year; and with Mrs. Hezekiah Gilbert, were the first two who joined on confession in my pastorate. Over these the pastor rejoiced with great joy, and with good reason. Mr. Briggs, during his short life, was a faithful, devoted church member, father of three sons. His life was suddenly terminated by the falling upon his head of the limb of a tree, leaving to his greatly bereaved wife, the sole care of these children. Her success in their training was remarkable. They all lived to honor this church, of which they all became members, by conversion and profession. They all removed from us to different localities, having interesting families of their own, and doing good service as Christian business men.

Mrs. Briggs afterwards was married to Mr. Charles Jacobs, who took the management of the home farm, and proved himself an excellent husband and father to these sons, and to an interesting family of his own. He was a faithful and highly respected member of the church, an unspeakable blessing to his family. The business of the farm was carried on by him with great

fidelity. In the year 1858, it may have been from overwork, he was snatched from us by sudden death.

Mrs. Jacobs continues to reside among us, having been from the first a warm friend of the church, and its pastor, and a lover of Christ and His cause.

DEACON TIMOTHY MOWER

was born in Cummington, Hampshire County, Mass., September 20, 1777. His wife, Mrs. Eunice Watkins Mower, was born in Peru, Berkshire County, Mass., October 9, 1784. They moved at an early date to Rushville, Western New York, uniting with the Congregational Church in that town. They were the parents of a large and energetic family of sons and daughters. Their two sons, Warner and Arba Mower, were leading citizens of Wauwatosa. Their two other sons, Timothy and William, and two of the daughters, came also to Wisconsin, marrying and settling in other places. Deacon Mower and his wife followed their children here, and united with this church in 1845. He was a man of earnest piety and great spirituality.

Owing to pronounced anti-slavery and Oberlin views, he was not in accord with many in the church in Rushville, and had fallen somewhat into a faultfinding mood. A blessed change seemed to come over his spirit, through his pleasant relations with the church, and spiritually and in every way, he was a great friend and helper of the young pastor. His wife, also, the head

and mother of the large family, had, in addition to her energetic business qualities and large common sense, a religious character in full harmony with that of her husband. She was outspoken for the truth, and the right, and the cause of Christ, at all times and places.

Deacon Mower did not live with us many years, but while he did live, he was to us a great blessing, ever growing richer in spiritual experience and grace. Whenever health permitted he was constant at our little prayer-meeting, his own words and testimony leaving a blessing every time. One of his precious hymns was:

"Descend from Heaven, Immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on thy wings
And mount, and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things."

It is indeed a glorious hymn, and amid the pains of dying, his upturned face and Heavenly look of prayer and praise showed that he was indeed borne aloft to the presence of his beloved Redeemer, January 4, 1853. His wife survived him a few years, her residence being most of the time at Waukesha, near or with her children there. She died in Waukesha, April 19, 1860.

MR. BENSON BRAZEE,

son of Cornelius and Phoebe Brazee, was born at Hillsdale, Columbia County, N. Y., February 10, 1811. Educated meagerly in the common schools, he left home at the age of six years, on the death of his father, and



DEACON JACOB DE GRAFF.

went to Fayetteville, N. Y., and lived with a farmer until the summer of 1835, when he came to Wisconsin, landing in Racine on the first day of September. He was employed in clearing lands for several years and finally cleared his home farm in Wauwatosa.

Soon after coming to Wisconsin he united with the First Presbyterian Church of Milwaukee. After coming to Wauwatosa, he united with this church by letter. Soon after, he was married at Milwaukee to Miss Althea Frances Neal, daughter of John and Elizabeth Neal who was born in January, 1826, at Hudson, Columbia County, N. Y. They had six children, three of whom died in early childhood.

Mr. Brazee's Christian character at first was undeveloped, but faithful attendance at church and the performance of family worship and other Christian duties, enabled him to grow in knowledge and grace, especially in the grace of liberality toward the support of the church, and in benevolent offerings. He was quite faithful at our prayer meetings, despite darkness and storms, receiving and imparting blessings, as such attendance always does.

His wife and he were naturally very unlike in their tastes. This was a real trial to them both, and unfortunate to their children; but both were warm, true friends to the church; and it caused us all sorrow, after so many years spent with us, to have the family move from us, as they did in the fall of 1870, to Omro, Wis. Here they resided until Mrs. Brazee's death, which occurred April 18, 1880. He lived for a time with his son, Arthur L., a machinist at Tecumseh, Mich.; then with Geo. E.,

unmarried, who is engaged in stock raising at White-water, Kas. The last years of his life were spent with his youngest son, Alvin C., a lawyer, settled in Milwaukee, where he died, August 21, 1886. His funeral was in our church at Wauwatosa; and it was a pleasure of his long-time-pastor to conduct the services, and to meet so many of the old friends on this occasion, which could not seem mournful. He was buried in our cemetery, beside his wife and some of their young children.

JACOB AND HARRIET DE GRAFF.

BY HARRIET N. DE G. KELLOGG.

Jacob DeGraff was born Jan. 6, 1805. His father lived on a farm one mile from Amsterdam, N. Y. His mother's family owned the mills of that town, on the Mohawk river. He had seven brothers and two sisters. The fathers in those days cared more to give their sons a trade than an education. Jacob learned his trade, and also what he could from the old English Reader. He gathered butternuts and sold them at a low price, paying \$2.50 for the book.

Harriet DeGraff was born in Galway, N. Y., February 4, 1809. Her mother being left a widow, Harriet went to live in the family of Rev. Mr. Nott. One of her brothers, when quite young, went to New York City, worked his way up, and became bookkeeper in one of the principal dry goods stores in that city. His cheer-



MRS. J. DE GRAFF.

ful countenance was seldom missed from the firm for many years. Her sister never married, but brought up a large family of boys, sons of a cousin, Henry Tenbroek. Mrs. DeGraff's grandfather, Col. Comstock, was shot in the Revolutionary war, but his life was miraculously saved by a silver buckle, then worn on the high stocks. Her mother, Jane Goodrich, lived to the good old age of ninety-six, spending her last years in this town. Read without glasses and wrote letters to her friends until the year before her death, in 1881. She was interred in our village cemetery.

By some freak of Providence, the tall, straight, dark-eyed Jacob, married the short, bright, good-hearted Harriet; and the mother said they were a "handsome couple." They were married by Rev. Dr. Nott, and commenced business in Rushville, N. Y., living for a time in the same house with the parents of our late Methodist minister, Mr. Pease, then young married people. They were not converted until after their marriage. At the time of his conversion, Mr. DeGraff was in deep distress of mind, knowing it to be his duty to take up, to him the great cross, of leading in family prayer. As soon as he had grace to conquer, light came, and he ever after lived a Christian. Those who have heard his prayers have some idea of what they were to those in the home. Both were members of the Rushville choir, and later he became deacon of that church, Rev. Maltby Gelston being their pastor for many years.

Several years before Deacon DeGraff came to Wisconsin he gave up his trade, and bought a farm near Canandaigua Lake, still attending church at Rushville.

Emma, their oldest daughter, then but 15 years of age, was teaching when the Western fever seized them. They came to Wisconsin in 1847, settling on a farm on the line between Brookfield and Wauwatosa—the home familiar to many. They had been in the West but one year when Emma died. This was a great sorrow to the family and friends, for she had made many in the one short year of Western life, some of the dearest being the family of her young pastor, Mr. Clapp.

At an early period they joined the little band of Congregationalists, then holding services in the Gilbert school house. They were energetic in helping to build the new church and attended most of the services, notwithstanding rough woods and a distance of three miles. As the country became settled a church was formed in Brookfield, which needed their support. They presented their letters there, and for several years that church seemed prosperous; but later, families moved away, and the church building was sold to the Bible Christians and moved to Brookfield Junction. Deacon and Mrs. DeGraff returned to their old church home at Wauwatosa. Mrs. DeGraff died Dec. 8th, 1879. Her willing feet were never weary in doing for those around her, and her words and acts ever had a tendency to make some one glad. Almost her last prayer was for this church, that it might be pure and holy.

Mr. DeGraff's last days were spent with his daughter, Mrs. Kellogg, in her present home. On Jan. 16, 1887, just after the church bells had ceased tolling Sabbath morning, he quietly passed away.

To the foregoing, their pastor would add his testimony

to the constant devotion of Deacon and Mrs. DeGraff to the spiritual welfare of the church. Mrs. DeGraff's social gifts were of a high order; and in their cordial home their pastor found rest and refreshment both spiritual and social, with the parents and with the children, who, like so many others in the parish, soon grew into wide-awake young people.

MR. BENEDIAH BARBER.

Owing to a strong prejudice incurred against a leading abolitionist at the East, whom he regarded as unjust in his dealings, and to his hired help, he was at first, while living here, strongly opposed to the advocacy of anti-slavery sentiments in the pulpit, or elsewhere. On better acquaintance with the spirit, and the true views of anti-slavery men here, he became himself one, in the very fore-front of the moral battle against slave-holding; as he was also against the use and traffic in alcoholic liquors, and the granting of license for their sale.

After one of our precious revivals, he and Mrs. Barber united with the Congregational Church, making from that time two of our most faithful, and reliable members. They seemed to be ever thinking and caring for the necessities of the pastor's family, whose great debt to their thoughtfulness and kindness, in sharing with them so often the good things of their garden and farm, it is my pleasure to acknowledge. It came from the abounding grace of Christ in their hearts. Their

constant sympathy and helpfulness seemed in the most trying times to come from the very heart of Jesus.

Mr. Barber, although a man of naturally quick, strong temper, under which he often condemned to men's faces their bad habits and practices, in the plainest language, was yet by these same men, and by all who knew him, held in the highest esteem, for his sterling honesty and his well-known generosity of soul. He was a great honor to the church, ever ready to confess his infirmities; rearing a Christ-loving, God-honoring family; all of whom were among our most honored members. Mr. Barber's life was prolonged, and was a blessing to the last, and we love to think of our joyful meeting with himself and others in the world of glory. He was past eighty when he died.

MRS. OLIVE BARBER.

She was a woman of a meek and quiet spirit, diligent and devoted to her domestic duties, in which she certainly was unsurpassed, considering her circumstances, and the resources in herself, which she brought into requisition. The excellent meals she provided from the fruits of the forest, their small clearings and well-cared-for garden seemed to me, in the early days, as delicious as they were nutritious. She was a mother who seemed to know and to use, with skill and success, the remedies the Lord has provided in various herbs and plants, for both adults and children. Her genuine humility, utter freedom from egotism, would prevent one

from knowing, save from prolonged and intimate acquaintance, the real worth and wealth of her character. Her appearance was so utterly unostentatious, severely plain, that a votary of fashion might form of her a most unfavorable judgment. But those who really knew her best, were filled with astonishment at her seeming absolute freedom from all the common faults of mankind. "You have known Mrs. Barber well and long, did you ever discover a fault in her?" This is a question asked of more than one most intimate acquaintance, and the reply has always been: "Not one." Not only this, but this other question has been asked: "Which of the Scripture virtues did you find that she lacked?" And the same answer was given: "Not one." So it was, that retired from the gaze of the public and society at large, there dwelt among us, one of the Lord's elect; and we all, and our children also, shared in the untold riches of her love and her prayers! Yes, all of us, as well as her own dear family. How much she cared for and loved all the members of the church and congregation, all her neighbors, and the well-known members of the congregation! Yes, all her countrymen, and the whole world! Her pastor knew and deeply realized the comprehensiveness of her heart. Oh, it was good to talk with her about those for whom we most deeply felt. The answering sympathy of her large soul, the starting tear in her eye, her genuine kindness, mingled with deep distress for those going wrong, and doing wrong, in any respect, showed how thoroughly she was imbued with the Spirit of the Savior. Great joys came to her life: the conversion of all her children.

Deep sorrows: the death in the army of her first born, a member of Beloit College, junior class, full of richest promise; the death of her only daughter's husband; and of a beloved grandchild. But she has found them now, and rejoices forever in the presence of her Lord.

MRS. ANNIS AVERY HILL,

daughter of Jonathan Avery, a Revolutionary soldier, and Pamella Fox, of New London, Conn., was born in Enfield, Conn., April 13, 1796. Her parents moved with their family to Charlemont, Mass., in 1805. She was married to Caleb Hill, Dec. 25, 1815, in Charlemont, where they lived till 1822, when they removed to West Springfield, Mass. Here she was converted in 1830, and joined the church. In 1833, they returned to Charlemont where her husband died Jan. 15, 1842. She came to Wisconsin July 1, 1843. She divided her time between Milwaukee and Wauwatosa for the first fourteen years; after that she resided continuously in Wauwatosa. She had nine children. Two died in infancy. Seven lived to be married and had families of their own.

Grandma Hill, as she was universally called, was a woman of much native genius and physical energy. In conversation she was lively, versatile and sometimes sparkling, and with education, she might easily have made a brilliant writer. She had great power of characterization, of setting things in a striking light. She was a great friend and protector of little children,

greatly beloved by them, residing alone near the school house in a cottage of her own for many years. A faithful attendant at prayer meetings, walking later years, a considerable distance, carrying a lantern dark nights, almost always taking an interesting part, till she was past her eightieth year. In fact, she was a great help and blessing to the prayer meeting.

She did all her own work and much sewing for other families, almost to the last. Her home was a pleasant place to call, as her pastor and many other friends can bear witness. On her eighty-fourth birthday she had a surprise visit from these friends, and a delightful occasion it was.

The youngest son, who resided with her several years, was a source of special joy to her. She rejoiced in his conversion and union with the church, in his decision to study and enter Beloit College, and in his most honorable career there, and since, as a very successful pastor in some of the prominent churches of Illinois, and an efficient agent of the College. He has lived now for some years in Pasadena, Cal., pastor of the Congregational church, inheriting not a little of his mother's energy, influence and good cheer. The Lord called home this beloved mother in Israel, May 25, 1885, aged 89 years, after a very brief illness.

REV. WARREN DAY.

He was the son of Orin Day and Joanna Everett. His native place was Sharon, Vt., where he was born October

1, 1789. He graduated at Dartmouth College, in 1814, and studied theology with a neighboring minister. In 1816 he moved to Western New York, then emphatically a new country, and in September began preaching in Richmond, Ontario County, where he was installed pastor of the church, continuing such about twelve years, till 1828. He then preached a year or two at Orangeville. In 1830, appointed agent for the Tract Society for Western New York, with residence at Geneva, he labored as such seven years. In 1838, installed pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Enfield, Tompkins County, and remained such about six years. Then, in 1845, he returned to his first pastorate, at Richmond, and labored on there five years. In 1854, soon after the completion of our church edifice, he came with Mrs. Day to reside with his son, Dr. Fisk H. Day. It was a great pleasure to us to have the society and aid of these two most excellent servants of our Master. His life had been one of very active, unostentatious Christian usefulness. He delighted in preaching, and also in visiting, and in ministering to the needy and suffering. He had encouraged young men of promise to enter the ministry, among these Dr. Joel Parker, of New York city. Traveling for the Tract Society he made a splendid collection for a geological cabinet, and became an earnest student of that science. Indeed, he kept his mind bright and active to the last by study and reading, and intelligent conversation. He took the deepest interest in the progress of events in the country and the world, praying and working in behalf of every good cause. We found him always active, now writing, now

fishing, now working in his garden, now with book or paper, now reading his daily chapter in German, which language he began to study in old age. A Baptist in his youth, a Presbyterian in middle life, a decided Congregationalist in his later years, he was more than all these—a Christian.

As he was about leaving us for the East, not knowing whether they would be spared to ever return, a large company of those about their age in this church, met them at their son's residence, spending the afternoon in a delightful visit, with prayers and songs of praise. Nearly, or quite, all of these have now met on the other side. Their remaining years with their son, Rev. Samuel Mills Day, then, and still, the long-time pastor of his father's old church, were restfully and pleasantly passed; until gradually growing weaker, with peaceful resignation he passed to his rest in 1864, aged 75.

MRS. LYDIA HOLBROOK DAY.

She was born in Cummington, Mass., nearly a century ago. Among the excellent old ladies that came into our church, a little after 1850, no one had the education or the many intellectual gifts of Mrs. Day. She knew the early history of the country, especially that of New England, more especially that of the Congregational Churches and ministers, and most especially many of the gifted pastors of the then flourishing churches in the hill towns of Western Massachusetts, with a good

knowledge of the life of Jonathan Edwards and that of other less distinguished but great men, and a personal knowledge of many eighteenth century ministers and churches. She entertained and instructed our New England people, who were deeply interested in her conversation.

With rare physical health, and her many gifts of mind and memory, she enriched our social gatherings; and her assistance in the church, especially in the Sunday-school was exceedingly valuable. The pastor looks back upon his many years of delightful intercourse with Father and Mrs. Day, with rare pleasure. He looks forward to the heavenly meeting with them and others with great delight. Mrs. Day was the mother of our long-time Doctor Fiske H. Day, our family physician, and the Rev. S. Mills Day, who graduated from Union College, the valedictorian of his class, and for the past thirty years the pastor of the church in Honeoye, N. Y., to which his father formerly ministered. After returning to the home of that son in New York she was spared to be a great blessing to himself and family, till her ninetieth year, as she had been in the family of Dr. Day in Wauwatosa.

MRS. SALLY BOARDMAN STEDMAN,

the mother of Mrs. Luther Clapp, was born in Litchfield, Conn., February, 1782. She was the daughter of Oliver and Sarah Danforth Boardman. Her father

was a brother of the grandfather of Prof. Geo. Nye Boardman, now of Chicago Theological Seminary. On her mother's side she was descended from Rev. John Wilson, the first minister of Boston. In Litchfield she attended Miss Pierce's celebrated school for girls, of which, Catharine and Harriet Beecher Stowe were long time members.

When less than nine years of age she gave such clear evidence of piety, that she was received into the church in Middletown, Conn., the home of her grandparents.

When thirteen years old her parents moved to Hartford, Conn., where, in November, 1808, she married Simeon Stedman, both of them being members of the Center Church — Dr. Strong's.

Immediately after their marriage they made their home in Springfield, Mass. Her husband a few years later was chosen deacon of what now is the first church in Chicopee, Mass. He died there in 1842. She came to Wisconsin in 1850, but only lived till 1853, and was interred in our village cemetery.

In her eastern home Mrs. Stedman was known as a woman of ardent piety — a succorer of the saints, especially of the Lord's prophets. In Wisconsin the infirmities of age prevented her from engaging actively in the service of her Lord and Master; but her prayers and conversation were the means here of one remarkable conversion, and her interest was very great in the salvation of some she knew among us.

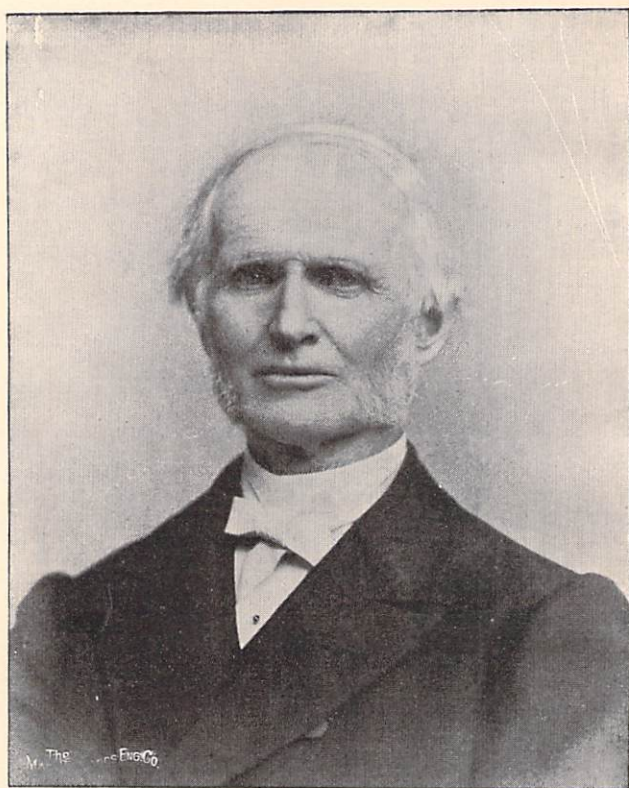
MRS. HARRIET PRISCILLA CLAPP,

daughter of Deacon Simeon Stedman and Sally Boardman, was born in Hartford, Conn., September 29, 1819. Her early life was spent mostly in Chicopee, Mass. The influence of the home, the society and the church, were peculiarly favorable. The place was delightful; the Connecticut was flowing near by, its valley having peculiar charms at that point, as well as at others. She enjoyed the advantage of attendance at Hartford Female Seminary with cousins and other long remembered friends. She was married to Rev. Luther Clapp, June 24, 1845, the month previous to their arrival in Wisconsin. She entered with all her heart and strength into the work of a young pastor's wife, teaching in the Sabbath school, winning the love and respect of the young children in the different neighborhoods, and of the young parents as well. Her own family cares soon began to multiply, and the great work and blessing of her life were the care and training of her own six little ones, who all lived to grow up, and to reward her with ardent love and devotion. They also all became members of the church in early life.

The children were encouraged to exercise great freedom in religious intercourse and prayer with the parents. No small part of the burden resting upon a home missionary's wife, with such a family, was in maintaining them in a proper degree of comfort and respectability, on the limited salary of those days. Her domestic economy could hardly be surpassed. Then



MRS. LUTHER CLAPP.



REV. LUTHER CLAPP.

there were the calls for hospitality, frequent ministers' meetings, occasional conventions, long journeys to be prepared for, and paid for, and the manifold duties of her station, which she always discharged with conscientious and painstaking fidelity. How she lived through it all is a wonder to her own family.

This is partly answered by the special blessing of God in giving her early remarkable hired help in the family, the help of four or five Christian girls, three of whom became Christians while residing with the family, and the service of two continuing eight years. There were some drawbacks afterwards, but the blessing that came to these souls, and the cheerful, inestimable service they rendered no doubt flowed largely from their mingled respect and love for the mistress of the family. In all lines of church and parish work, woman's work and missionary work, her interest, planning and inciting were incessant. The help she rendered her husband in all varieties of his work, and in making home a hallowed, joyful place is known best to himself and the family; but also to many others.

This little sketch, unbeknown to her, comes from the family. Most thankful are they that her life has been prolonged, and that she has such a degree of health and strength in these later years.

REV. LUTHER CLAPP,

son of Ansel and Eunice Wright Clapp, was born in Westhampton, Mass., October 18, 1819. One of the

descendants of Capt. Roger Clapp, who came over with the Massachusetts colony, and who settled in Dorchester in 1632, and of his son, Capt. Preserved Clapp, one of the first settlers of Northampton, Mass. Education began in the public and select schools of Westhampton and Northampton, continued with his uncle, Rev. E. B. Wright, Chicopee, Mass, and in Hopkins Academy, Hadley. Entered Williams College at seventeen, and graduated in 1841. Taught select school that fall in Norwich. In Andover Theological Seminary two years, from October, 1842, to July, 1844. Taught academy in Hardwick, Vt., in fall of 1844. Health failed. Home in Westhampton that winter. Health improved. Licensed to preach spring of 1845, at Worthington, Mass., by Hampshire West Association. Married to Miss Harriet Priscilla Stedman, Chicopee, Mass., June 24, 1845. Sent to Wisconsin by the A. H. M. Society, July, 1845. Ordained at Wauwatosa, October 5, 1845, by Milwaukee Convention. Installed pastor of the church June 2, 1848. Continued pastor with the church till the last of 1872. Appointed General Missionary by the Milwaukee Convention to care for destitute, discouraged churches. Had pastoral charge of Salem, Wilmot, Liberty, Mukwonago, Rochester, Pleasant Prairie, Franksville Congregational societies and churches, with care of others, spending from one to three years with each of these till fall of 1878. Then in the Beloit Convention, one year with the church at Allen's Grove, the next year and a half with Allen's Grove and Sharon churches. From 1881 to 1884 with the church at Pewaukee. From 1882 to

1889 with the church at Hartland. Then resigned regular preaching and pastoral service, in his seventieth year.

In addition to this work during these forty-three years, taught in Wauwatosa a select school at different times, giving private instruction also to different pupils; served as one of the editors of the *Wisconsin Puritan* from 1862 to 1867, doing much of the office work the latter years, till it was merged in the *Advance*. Chairman of the Home Missionary Committee of the Milwaukee Convention from 1850 to 1879, during which time visited and preached in all the Home Missionary churches, and in all others in the bounds of the Convention. Assisted seventeen churches and pastors in revival meetings.

In all, preached in eighty-two different churches in sixty-two different towns and cities in Wisconsin, and in twenty-two towns in seven other states, East and West. Of the eighty-two churches in Wisconsin, the great majority were Congregational, but several were Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist. Three were Lutheran, one Disciple, and one Universalist. In some of these churches he preached many times, including those in which special meetings were held.

Results of labor cannot be told here. The record is perfectly kept in Heaven. Rich reward for all trials, even on earth; for patient continuance; for obstacles encountered, not run from, but overcome by Love; Scripture promises wonderfully fulfilled! All revival work has been greatly blessed. Pastoral work especially pleasant, with abundant and enduring rewards.

The great importance demonstrated of the permanent employment of an experienced pastor-at-large to care for vacant churches, and to assist pastors needing help in their arduous work. A promise found most true because believed: "*Ye shall reap, if ye faint not.*"

